The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1920 NUMBER 313

Contents

The Week 1

Editorials
- The Irish Volcano 3
- Russia: What Next? 5
- Democratic Control of the League..... 6
- Must We Have a Panic?..... 8

General Articles
- Russian Impressions, II.....H. N. Brailsford 10
- On Puritans.....Charles A. Beard 15
- The Apple .....Padraic Colum 17
- Margery (Verse).....W. H. Davies 18

A Communication 18

Reviews of Books
- God's Country.....F. H. 20
- A Peacemaker's Apologia.....Alvin Johnson 21
- Margaret Fuller.....Edith Franklin Wyatt 22
- The Children of Odin.....A. J. 24

The Week

WHY should the Greeks so emphatically reject a chief whose object was to add to their numbers and acres? Because, for one thing, in Mr. Venizelos's scheme of things the partners of glory and expansion abroad were tyranny and repression at home. A detailed indictment on this count is ably presented by a Greek correspondent on another page of this issue. Besides, the Greeks are sick of expansion that, two years after the armistice, keeps most of the able-bodied men under arms. However strong may be Greek ambition to add all its scattered Aegean colonies to the mother country, it is outweighed by a deeper desire for peace. They will not now tolerate far-flung expeditions that serve the designs of other Powers unable to contribute troops of their own. The Greeks under Venizelos were the pliable executors of the Turkish treaty. France and Great Britain wanted and secured prestige with Greece in order to maintain their Turkish zones of influence. This prestige has received a rude blow. The Greeks as mechanical props for the Turkish treaty have given way. The Kemalite Nationalist forces seem to expect the imminent collapse of the Greek army in Anatolia. The whole Turkish settlement is in danger of falling to the ground. Whatever happens, whoever is king or prime minister of Greece, the vote of the Greek people is a plain warning that the Entente cannot rely on human pawns to translate its paper treaties into reality.

THREE courses were presented to the Assembly of the League of forty-one nations at Geneva. First, that all the commissions should meet in secret and no minutes of the proceedings be taken. Or else that only a procès verbal, a cold summary, should be preserved, and made public "as soon as possible." Or that the doors of their meetings should be thrown wide open to the public gaze. One was the way of the old diplomacy, one the way of the future and all men who build for it, and between them lay what finally prevailed, the well-beaten via media of compromise. It is difficult to understand, much less to sympathize with the lack of imagination that made such a step possible. It was not quite the way of the old diplomacy, to be sure, but it was a victory for the old diplomacy's fear of the world's attention. And the world's attention is focussed on Geneva; a world whose hope seems to be dwindling day by day. What could have cheered its friends better than for the Assembly to have completely turned its back on secrecy? It would have been a fine gesture, and since the Assembly does not now have before it any very vital or secret business, it would not have been a costly one.

LLOYD GEORGE the other day told the House of Commons that the draft of the trade agreement with Russia would be ready to submit to the Soviet government in a few days. Apparently the irreconcilables in the British cabinet—Milner and Curzon—have bowed to the Premier and Bonar Law. This trade agreement would amount to a recognition of the Bolshevik government. But it has not yet gone through. Peace with Russia seems near. This is all that can be said. It has seemed near many times before, and many times before the possibility of it has melted away before obstinate French resistance, or in face of some new

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hopeful White adventure. Now, to be sure, there remains no military opposition to the Soviets worth the name. But this finds France no more willing to confess herself beaten, no less certain that her policy will prevail, and no less capable of undermining by subtle and skilful intrigue the rival policy of another government. France is continually at work on this matter, little as we may hear of it. Until locomotives, ploughs, shoes and medicine actually begin to arrive in Russia there is small cause for rejoicing even over the signature of a trade agreement. And it is not yet signed.

FOLLOWING almost immediately on the Italian government's rejoicing, mingled with no small sense of sacrifice, at the signature of the treaty with the Jugoslavs, d'Annunzio steps forward to show how infirm that settlement is, and to shake it down to nothingness if he can. The government of his "Regency of Quarnero" decides that the findings of the Rapallo conference are unacceptable and illegal," on the score, One, that it does not make the annexation of Fiume a certainty; Two, that the people of Fiume have by popular vote dedicated themselves to the mother country, and they will fight until the dedication is accepted. D'Annunzio also objects to the limits of Fiume, which under the terms of the Rapallo treaty is too much surrounded by Jugoslavia, and he will only be satisfied when its "confines are determined by the historic Napoleonic line." And to put an edge on these verbal threats, he calls councils of war, sends soldiers in motorboats to accupy islands; enters—in defiance of the treaty—Susak, the purely Jugoslav Brooklyn of Fiume, at the head of his troops, to have his hand publicly shaken there by a general of the regular Italian army, and be hailed by him as "My grenadier of Lombardy, the redeemer of Fiume, present and future." We thought we were near the end of this tragi-comedy, but it is evidently part of the old drama of history that goes on act after act, and where the curtain never seems to fall.

WHEN news dispatches from Munich tell us that "Bavaria faces a revolution," that a home militia of 100,000 men, a general staff, money, artillery are all ready to set up, at a given signal, a monarch on the throne of a Bavaria that shall be quite free of Germany; when we are told that this kingdom will make a treaty with France guaranteeing its independence and exemption from the rest of Germany's war debt; when it is rumored that France will demand that Bavaria disarm her home militia, and that this demand and the threat of occupation of the Ruhr valley will coincide with—even be the signal for—the Bavarian monarchist coup d'etat—it is not necessary to rely entirely on such advices to feel that deep plots are being laid between Paris and Munich. All that is necessary is to recall the axis around which French foreign policy revolves: fear and hatred of Germany; and the cardinal point of this policy: the weakening of German power by whatever means are possible. Austria has been forbidden to join Germany; Poland is to protrude and threaten on the east. France wanted a state on the left bank of the Rhine, uncontrolled by Berlin. The more fragments Germany dissolves into the better for France. What then could be more natural, and more likely, than for France to seek, by every available hook or crook, to pry off Bavaria from the Fatherland?

THE first sequel to the seven demands presented by New York's clothing manufacturers to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—demands which meant the scrapping of carefully worked out standards for the industry—is the resignation of the entire labor managing staff of the manufacturers. This is the latest breakdown in the delicately adjusted system of the impartial board of settling all disputes that has for months kept the New York clothing trade free from industrial warfare. The resignation of a liberal labor manager like Major Gitchell foreshadows the intention, on the part of the employers, of appointing in his place some one who will negotiate with more success from their point of view, someone who will play the game they seem to have determined on. The new labor manager may become, in the words of the Amalgamated's President, Mr. Sidney Hillman, "a Secretary of War" in the employers' cabinet, rather than a "Secretary of State." The position of the manufacturers is not yet definitely one of war, and they insist that wages will not be reduced. Meanwhile, with the impartial machinery at a standstill, they are bent on a reversal to former production methods, and dealings with the Union direct in the good oldfashioned way. This repudiation, both of the clothing industry's standards and of its diplomacy, is an unmistakably virulent case of "return to normalcy."

THE Mooney case will not down. Mooney is still in jail, though for three years the justice of his conviction has been clouded by the fact that the chief witness against him was discredited after the trial. On the strength of this President Wilson asked Governor Stephens for a new trial. But between the governor's timidity and the lynch spirit that still broods over California, all that happened

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was that Mooney's death sentence was commuted to a life-term, in a sort of compromise between murder and justice. Honor will be satisfied with nothing less than a new trial. Is any further inaction possible in the face of the latest disclosure, by a San Francisco detective who had a large share in collecting the evidence on which Mooney was convicted, that the testimony was perjured and the whole case a frame-up? It seems to be only a matter of time before Mooney gets a new trial. For already Superior Judge Franklin A. Griffith, who presided at the original trial in 1916, has declared that he is ready to retry the case whenever defense or prosecution formally requests it. At last this blot, which has made American justice infamous from Bombay to Moscow, is to be wiped away.

IF you are looking for a sign of the times, here it is in a speech by William H. Barr to the National Founders Association, of which he is president. For Mr. Barr has developed the open shop theory of national happiness further than any one else has done. He demands "the adoption of the open shop in the conduct of all business and government affairs." More concretely, this means that the Founders, through Mr. Barr, "require that Socialists shall be eliminated from public life and from public office. We are not merely registering a request; we are presenting a demand . . . ." It cannot be denied that this nonsense, dangerous as it is, strikes an echo in the heart of many an American business man. And the tide of such nonsense is rising.

EVERY year 150,000 Americans die of tuberculosis, and about 1,000,000 more drag out wretched lives avoiding death from it. In America tuberculosis is fatal to one person out of every eight it infects. And this loss is borne where the burden is heaviest, since people are afflicted with tuberculosis in inverse ratio to their income tax and the size of the house they live in. It is a vicious circle of poverty that breeds disease and disease that breeds poverty, against which America has on the whole fought a winning fight. So had Germany until the war—now her doctors say the fight will have to begin all over again. Always the companion of poverty, tuberculosis will never be extinguished until all men and women earn enough to buy decent food and live under a decent roof. The end of poverty lies in the future—but what all of us can do immediately to break the deadly grip of the white plague is to help an organization well-equipped for the campaign— and contribute generously to the National Tuberculosis Association's sale of Christmas seals which begins this week.

The Irish Volcano

DO Americans realize the situation in Ireland? More and more frequently we now get sensational eruptions of news, smoking and flaming with propaganda. Of the terrible forces accumulated behind this news we get little or nothing, and as a people we have come to no acute realization of the war in Ireland. But to remain ignorant or go on being befuddled is the best way to extend this hideous conflict racking at the heart of the English-speaking people.

The main fact in the present situation is not the assassination of British officials in their beds, the kidnapping and assassination of a Galway priest, the turning of gunfire on a football crowd, the killing of prisoners in Cork and Clare. These, in one way or another, are appalling incidents. They spring directly, however, from a political situation which among western peoples is always fruitful of such hideousness—namely, the collapse and abandonment of parliamentary government and the blind and perverse substitution of military rule.

Since 73 Irish members of the British parliament withdrew in 1918, the dismemberment of Ireland and England has been a hard fact. It has not been met by a satisfactory rearrangement or compromise. It has been met by the application of larger and larger doses of military force. The Irish who withdrew, representing 75 per cent of the people at the time and receiving even fuller elections this year, have sought to arm themselves against compulsion to return to "the British commonwealth of nations." The British commonwealth has armed to compel them to return. The constitutional accompaniment of a very marked and ostentatious increase of force has been the passage of a new "home rule" bill which is admittedly unsatisfactory to temperate as well as intemperate requirements. The climax to this disastrously uneven manipulation of events came last August, with the remarkable Restoration of Order act, passed by the British parliament.

This act practically abolished civil trial in Ireland. It severed connections between three-fourths of the people of Ireland and the ordinary civil processes that we regard as the foundations of the British constitution. This abolition of law, as ordinarily conceived by Britons and Americans, was, in the name of law, compensated for by the extraordinary strength of the military establishment.

Even political crimes committed *before* the passing of this act were brought under court-martial trial. So also were those persons already committed for trial or already under indictment. Coroner's juries and the duties of the civil coroner were abol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ished in those counties where the verdicts had been unfavorable to the military, and military "courts of inquiry" were substituted. The courts-martial were empowered to sentence men to death, to imprison or fine summarily. In addition trial by jury was done away with in civil actions, and, "where the local authority has in any respect refused or failed to perform its duties," the central authority (Dublin Castle) was empowered to withhold or divert public money. The courts-martial were given powers and jurisdiction for compelling persons to give evidence, etc.

Such an act of parliament, coming as it did after the steady increase of violence since the appointment of Sir Hamar Greenwood, could only be sanctioned in a community that had confidence in the fairness and severe impartiality of the government. But the British government has set an example that Sinn Fein Ireland has at last followed, with a vengeance. It has, that is to say, been a law unto itself.

Last week Sir Hamar Greenwood, the chief secretary for Ireland, declared that, "after the most searching inquiry," he could not discover which policemen, out of 150 known policemen, burned down 25 houses and a large factory and bayonnetted two civilians to death in Balbriggan. The House of Commons supported him warmly in refusing to permit an investigation. Sir Hamar Greenwood, confronted with the statements of British judges in Ireland and Sir Horace Plunkett and George W. Russell and literally hundreds of responsible witnesses, regarding the burning of co-operative creameries by soldiers and policemen, declared that there was not a tittle of evidence to show that his forces were guilty. As for more debatable issues, he scorned to debate them.

The recoil of this appalling and audacious policy is now plain to see. In spite of the impunity of courts-martial, the terrific character of reprisals and the relentlessness of raids, those government officials in Ireland who direct the "Black and Tans" and who carry on secret service have now been assassinated in precisely the same manner that a Sinn Fein leader, Mr. John Lynch, was assassinated in his hotel-room in September. Taking a leaf out of that blood-stained book, the Sinn Fein "murder gang" has carried out the killing of nearly a dozen men. Just as Lynch was shot in his bed, so were these ex-military men and military men shot in their beds. Just as Lord Mayor MacCurtain was killed in the presence of his wife, so Captain Newbury has been killed.

"Coming as it does at the moment when the sympathy of Great Britain has been driven to the Irish cause by the atrocious reprisal campaign carried on by the Black and Tans, it loses for the Irish republicans all that the crimes of their enemies had gained for them."

Such is the verdict of one impartial American journalist on the spot, Mr. Frank Getty. It is a natural response to a series of horrible murders, with their immediate useless repercussion in official slaughter all over Dublin. But must Ireland be regarded as an ingenue who to gain sympathy has to suffer atrocious reprisals and who will lose sympathy, will fail to "drive England to her cause," if she prove violent in turn? The case is sterner than this. It is less a matter of mere benevolence.

The Irish are violent, desperate and irreconcilable, and can only be kept from meeting outrage with outrage by the establishment of something besides summary courts-martial, secret tribunals, spying, round-ups, raids, kidnapping, blockade, starvation and all of the rest of the disgusting war-apparatus, plus evil propaganda, that mis-statesmanship has turned loose in Ireland.

These evils come in great measure from the callous attempt to settle "disorder" by force, where "disorder" is another name for legitimate political need and aspiration. The New Republic sees quite as clearly as the Loyal Coalition of Boston sees that there can be no peace in the world if America and Britain misunderstand each other; but can America and Britain come to an understanding while the very soul of Britain is made repellent by the picture we must make of this cruel and brutal situation in Ireland? You cannot construct warm friendship in one corner of a room with a mad and devastating quarrel taking place in the other. To say that the Sinn Fein are demons does not help matters. You cannot indict a voting seventy-five per cent of Ireland for wanting their own kind of government. And no one who studies the first-hand testimony submitted to the American Commission on Ireland, inaugurated by the Nation, can retain any belief in the constant assertion that the political violence in Ireland is due to a demonic murder gang, on one hand, and a righteous outraged government, on the other.

The international aspirations and purposes of this nation require cooperation between ourselves and Britain. The goodwill vital to this cooperation is outraged by the present British policy in Ireland. To continue to use troops in Ireland, to keep up a Tsaristic policy of political exasperation and bullying, is to handicap and perhaps even destroy for this generation the chance of a useful and valuable friendship. It is instead to intoxicate the world with fresh hatred. For a responsible government to close its eyes to this obvious fact is to permit fools and savages to bring ruin on the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia: What Next?

IN the main it is no longer necessary after Wrangel's collapse to convince most Americans that subsidized civil war is not the way to restore peace. The leading editorial writers admit that. But when it comes to devising an alternative policy, many of the journalists show that they have learned very little. The talk now is that the world should let Russia alone, should neither fight nor make peace with Russia, should stand firmly on that metaphysical line between peace and war which was laid down in the note which Mr. Colby signed on August 10th.

There is no such line between peace and war, never was and never will be. The idea that the interaction of forces can be frozen at the frontiers of Russia is an idea that only Americans far from the scene of action, and inexperienced in European affairs, could entertain. No European in the least acquainted with diplomacy treats the idea with respect. For every European knows that when a continent is seething, the one policy that cannot possibly be practiced is the policy of standing still and doing nothing. The notion that two hundred million people in the centre of the Eurasian continent can somehow be placed in a vacuum is a notion that belongs with perpetual motion machines, the philosopher's stone and the fountain of eternal youth.

There are just three alternatives in dealing with Russia. The first is to wage war openly and to the bitter end. Without the least doubt the policy of war would produce revolution throughout Europe, and the knowledge of this fact is the sole reason for the abandonment of open war. The second policy is the recognition of the de facto government by all nations and the resumption of trade. This policy is opposed not because there is a despotism in Moscow. The claim that we cannot treat with Russia because her government rests on force is, to put it literally and cautiously, a barefaced hypocrisy. The Allies are in cahoots with despotism every bit as bloody and undemocratic in dozens of places, as Ireland, Hungary and Turkey bear witness. Nor does the objection to peace with Russia originate with the men who regard Sovietism as a chaotic failure. For if that is what they really believed, they would permit it to fail of its own weakness, and allow mankind to learn the lesson.

The real objection by those who direct Russian policy and propaganda in Europe is that with peace Russia might evolve peacefully out of Bolshevism into a stable peasant democracy, and that such a Russia would resist exploitation, and act as counterpoise to the regime devised at Versailles.

The third alternative is not open war nor general peace, but intrigue, sabotage, illicit intervention carried on behind the screen of the Colby policy. Here America is to supply unction and the French Foreign Office the intrigue. According to General Debeney, head of the French Staff College (see his statement to the New York Times—November 19th) "It is better not to dabble in Russian affairs for the present. *But next year, when we have had time to examine the matter more closely and obtain the necessary data,* I am convinced that we shall have to solve the Russian problem which the Russians are unable to solve by themselves."

This was probably translated from the French language into the English language. Let us now translate it from diplomatic language into every day speech. Next year the Allies are to put in power a regime which they like when they have obtained *"the necessary data"*. For "data" read "soldiers, guns, tanks, munitions," because General Debeney does not expect to overthrow the Bolsheviki with data. How does he expect "to obtain" the necessary troops? Not, if we may say so, by placarding Europe with Mr. Colby's essay. He expects to obtain the needed force by repeating somehow or other the recent Wrangel-Polish business. He probably does not know at this moment who is to be the heir to Wrangel, Kolchak and the rest, but there are plenty of Tsarist generals floating around Europe who are prepared to spend a few months saving Russia followed by an exit on a French warship and a leisurely life in Paris afterwards. The Russian savior can be found. But how about his army? That will require a nucleus of mercenaries who can enter and conscript Russia.

Where are the mercenaries to be found? They are to be had rather easily, for life is so hard in Central Europe under the Treaty that men will take big risks for small pay. The mercenaries are now being recruited by French agents in Central Europe. The first step in obtaining these "necessary data" is well under way. It consists in establishing reactionary dictatorships in the Balkanized fragments of Austria-Hungary. These dictatorships are permitted to evade the Paris treaties as the price of their yielding to French influence. The Horthy regime in Hungary is the keystone of this French bloc, and the plan seems to be to work for a clerical Austria and a separatist Bavaria. Venizelist Greece was to play a subsidiary part, but that has now failed. The whole affair is infinitely complicated and uncertain, but it is the moving fact now in the politics of Central Europe. General Debeney does not expect to consummate the diplomatic scheme until next year, and there is every reason to suppose that there will be many unforeseen developments during the winter agony.

Whatever the details, the aim of the French For-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eign Office is indubitable. It has never surrendered the idea of creating a bloc of vassal states to be used for the dismemberment and subjection of Germany, and as a base for attack upon Russia. That policy Mr. Colby abets, possibly without meaning to abet it, for he cannot stop the French Foreign Office from embroiling Europe, though he can stop Britain from pacifying Europe. The net effect of the Colby policy is to make time after Wrangel's failure in which a new intrigue for a new adventure can be engineered. Mr. Colby is a dupe in the hands of shrewder men.

Democratic Control of the League

NO human institution is perfect in its first conception. Every political arrangement comes into existence through compromise: compromise between conflicting interests, between reason and unreason, between good and evil. But as running water purifies itself, so a living institution may gradually throw off the vices in its blood. The League is an imperfect institution. That is no reason America should let it perish, as it may if America holds aloof. Let America join the League and make of it what she wants it to be. Is not America the most powerful of existing nations? Then her vote for the improvement of the League will count for much more than one.

So runs the argument of those Americans who are unable to accept the League just as it stands as an adequate guarantee of international justice and peace, but yet believe that it is morally impossible for America to remain outside. It is a cogent argument. We believe that, with certain qualifications, it is compelling. The peace of the world is a vital concern of America, and we can conceive no effective way of assuring peace except through international organization for the purpose. We agree that in any working international organization America's vote would count for more than one. And we have confidence that America's ruling purpose would be to use that vote in behalf of justice and international harmony. But the best of intentions often come to grief for want of technical preparation. Are we prepared as a nation to exert the dominant role in international affairs that is proposed for us?

A wise man may repose perfect confidence in the goodwill and essential fairness of the American people. Some of us may go wrong, morally, but not the mass. No wise man will repose such confidence in any group of men who may happen to make up the personnel of government. At one time our governors are competent and above reproach; at another time their unwisdom and corruption may cry to Heaven. Our domestic institutional scheme is, however, tolerably safe under even the worst pilots, because they know that they cannot swerve very far from the course without arousing the wrath of the people. We can expect to be governed well, fairly consistently, wherever public opinion is active and well informed. Where public opinion is lethargic or ignorantly biassed, anything may happen. Our handling of the enemy property question, for example, was entirely out of harmony with the American spirit of fair play and with the traditional American policy. But American public opinion had never been brought to realize that a healthy scheme of international economic relations must rest upon the immunity from confiscation of innocent private property, even in case of war. Our handling of the question of free speech is another case in point. Public opinion in America is not alive to the danger of suppressing dissident sentiments and therefore has tamely permitted the government to go to extremes that not even the Kaiser's government dared to propose. We have reason for confidence in America where America is well informed and actively thinking. It is pure chauvinism to assert confidence in American justice and wisdom where interest and active public opinion are wanting.

Now, what reason have we for assuming that, as a member of the League, America would pursue policies that represent the goodwill of the American people and not the whim and prejudice of a governing group that may be wholly unrepresentative? That question, we believe, may be answered by another: How far is American public opinion interested in the concrete issues that will come before the League for settlement? If the American delegates to the League knew that any arrangements to which they might agree would be intelligently discussed before the people and that they would be held to account for any stupidities or iniquities they might commit, their action might be expected to make for peace and international understanding. But if they thought that American opinion was indifferent, formless, a free field for propaganda and chicanery, their action might be anything.

Suppose that we were now signatories to the Covenant. No doubt the application of Germany for admission to the League would already have come up for decision. The French delegates would have bitterly opposed the admission of Germany; the British would probably have supported it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where would our own delegates have stood? We submit that if what they really wished to do was to carry out the dictates of American public opinion, they would not know where to cast their vote.

For a great many Americans still feel the war spirit and would oppose anything Germany wishes, and a great many others feel that the war is over and ought to be left out of present practical considerations. But how many Americans have canvassed the advantages and disadvantages of German admission to the League, from the point of view of European reconstruction and permanent peace? If the matter were up for discussion our press would exhibit the influence of an active French propaganda against admission and an active British propaganda for it, together with an active pro-British and an active anti-British propaganda generated out of our own resources. But to what quarter would the average conscientious American turn for an unbiassed account of the practical points really at issue?

The difficulty is not a new one. In spite of the democratic movement of the nineteenth century, every government has conducted its foreign affairs without reference to public opinion or democratic control. Alliances and understandings have been notoriously the prerogative of the chiefs of states. The people's will and the people's representatives have came into the equation only when such foreign policies ripened toward war. Our own Monroe Doctrine was promulgated by a chief of state, and wrought out into its present condition by chiefs of state who never admitted the desirability of consulting the representatives of the people. All that was perfectly natural in the epoch of unbridled nationalism. On domestic policies the people were necessarily of different minds, but on foreign policies they might be assumed to be of one mind, to aggrandize the power of the nation whenever opportunity presented itself. The foreign office might vary in vigor and foresight, but not in nationalistic purpose.

But with the organization of a real League, this simplicity of purpose disappears. If we send delegates to the League Assembly, they will be expected to take counsel in the interest not of America only but of the whole organized world. Opposing international influences and interests will be playing on them all the time. How can they be expected to act consistently as the conscience of America would direct, if there is no actively interested American public opinion to which they must hold themselves accountable?

But is it not a Utopian idea that we can ever have an informed public opinion on the issues before the League? The average American citizen has his own living to make. He has already more than enough civic obligation in trying to see that the school board, the city authorities, the state and federal governments do their jobs properly. Must he also keep watch of our delegates to the League? Take such a problem as that of flood control on the Danube. That unhappy river has been divided into as many sections as there are nations that hate one another in that quarter of the world. Each nation resents being drowned out from above, but would like to drown out the nation below. The League ought to do something about it, of course. But if the plain American citizen has time to worry about any river, had he not better worry about the Mississippi?

There would be force in the objection if the public opinion requisite to intelligent control of our international organs had to be universal public opinion. We are making no such extreme demand. All that we are urging is that to be prepared to play a useful part in the League we ought to have in America a competent, disinterested nation-wide organization for the study of the concrete problems that must come before the League. There is an analogy in the citizens' associations that occasionally undertake to watch our state and city governments. It is hard for them to keep their skirts clear of political entanglements that make void their influence, but in so far as they do this, they are a potent arm of public opinion. In the matter of our international relations there would be very little reason for political entanglements that excite suspicion.

What we have in mind is primarily an organization of scholars, authorities on international law, history, political science, economics, together with laymen whose intellectual standing is a guarantee to the public that they will not be taken in a net of propaganda nor temper their judgment to the service of their partisan affiliations. We should not ask for anything so impossible as an infallible judgment from such an association. But we can get out of the American Economic Association or the Political Science Association or the American Historical Society sounder and more useful judgments on the subjects within their competence than we can get out of the casual judgments of the average man or the slapdash conclusions of the commercial press. Why should we not be able to get a sufficient basis of established fact to form a reasonable opinion as to whether the representatives who conduct our world interests are doing their work well or ill, if the Americans who take our place in international affairs seriously organized themselves adequately for the work?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Must We Have a Panic?

ARE we in fact standing at the brink of industrial depression? Or is the present economic malaise merely a passing cloud over the sun of a prosperity that will soon blaze all the warmer for it? Nobody can say, with certainty. It is true that in the Middle Western manufacturing territory, which feels the economic pulse of the nation more distinctly than any other, factory after factory is going on part time or closing down altogether. It is true that the textile industry in all its stages is laying off men, and the textile industry more than any other reflects the immediate mood af the general public. Responsible financiers can be found in every city who profess optimism in their public utterances and privately advise their customers to take in sail. Responsible newspapers exhibit remarkable neglect of the news value of fifty thousand men laid off in one city, seventy-five thousand in another and of an army of the unemployed climbing rapidly toward the million mark. These are the familiar indications of approaching hard times. They are, to be sure, not infallible. Modern industrialism is too new a thing, as history goes, to admit of sure prognostication on the basis of established experience. Nevertheless, it would be an amazing fatuousness that refused to face the fact that our present economic condition contains serious elements that may become more serious.

But why borrow trouble? If a crisis is coming, it is coming; what is there to do about it? If we believed that there was nothing at all to do about it, we should follow the policy of the "responsible" newspapers in filling our space with comment on other things. Better to talk about Harding's fishing exploits, about the new theories of the bomb explosion, about the latest graft exposure, than about an inevitable economic winter that will darken the days of all of us. Eventually we shall all die, but the moral of that is, make merry now. As we see it, however, there is nothing inevitable about an industrial depression. It is the kind of evil that comes because men fail to take thought and action. There are, we believe, forces capable of warding off depression, if only they were properly organized and directed by a broad economic statecraft.

Certainly there are conditions affecting our economic life over which merely economic organization can not exercise adequate control. Cotton and wool, wheat and meat, copper and steel are all suffering under the decay of foreign markets, consequent upon the insane destruction of war and the equally insane obstructiveness of a bad peace. American materials clogging the warehouses; industrial Europe unemployed and shivering and starving; agrarian Europe withholding available food supplies and refusing to produce to capacity for want of an equivalent in industrial products—all that would be unspeakably absurd if it were not so horribly tragic. We Americans have no right to a clear conscience on the matter. We lavished credits on Europe so long as we were at war, but as soon as the war was over we refused to do the acts of faith and far sighted reason necessary to establish peace upon a sound economic foundation. The eighteenth century economists in charge of our Treasury and of our credit system were dreadfully afraid that reconstruction credits to Europe might mean throwing good money after bad. They had no inkling of the fact that the difference between American industry functioning buoyantly under the stimulus of an active foreign trade and American industry shut out of foreign markets by chaotic rates of exchange may be measured statistically in tens of billions of dollars. One year of depression may cost America a sum of values exceeding our aggregate loans to our Allies. Half that sum, judiciously placed in Europe where it would most have stimulated production, might have staved off the crisis now menacing our industry. But there is no use in crying over spilt milk. In failing to set Europe on the road to economic recovery we missed the readiest means of keeping our own industry going. But there are other means.

For important as the foreign market is to an industrial nation like America, it is not a precondition of national prosperity, as it is for a nation in the position of England, for example. Two things are needed for industrial prosperity: efficient production, and consumers who are themselves efficient producers and therefore able to buy freely. Consumer-producers in England or France, Italy or Czecho-Slovakia, Germany or Russia, would furnish a market for our surplus products, but so also do consumer-producers at home. A demand for rails and locomotives from Montana is identical in its bearings on the steel industry with a demand for rails and locomotives from Russia. Railway building in Russia would create a demand for all manner of miscellaneous supplies; so also would railway building in Montana. In either case new sources of production would be tapped, to pay eventually for the railway and for the steady flow of supplies needed by the population served. In either case the first stage in the operation would be an act of faith, a grant of credit against the future productive power of the railway and the territory it opens up.

The blundering of our government has shut us out of Russia and the general work of European reconstruction. That is a misfortune; but is it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any reason for blowing out our blast furnaces when there is an unplumbed need for iron and steel products at home? That there is such a need is a point hardly worth argument. Our entire construction industry is years behind in any rational program for equipping the nation properly with railways, docks, reclamation works, office buildings, machinery. There is work enough of an unquestionably useful character to keep our entire laboring population as busy for years as it was during the war. And with all our population employed and earning wages, what talk could there be of overstocked markets, of necessities of life a drug on the counters, of industrial depression?

All this is well enough in theory, the practical man will comment, but where is the capital coming from? We have capital enough to employ all our labor, if we keep it at work instead of idling in factories closed down. We employed all our labor during the war and at the same time spilled fifteen billions or more a year on fighting Europe. Our productive capacity is immensely elastic, if we will it to be so. Well, grant this. How can we inaugurate works that look to future earning power for their return at a time of excessively inflated costs, like the present? That is indeed the crux of the matter. If everybody was certain that prices would not fall in the next five years there would be no crisis in sight and no unusual need for the exercise of economic statecraft.

We have many of the most competent engineers in the world. Let them get together a summary view of all the projects of construction at present technically feasible with calculations of costs and probable yields. Let our financiers analyse these projects with a view to determining what reduction in costs will be necessary to insure solvency in spite of anticipated price changes. And further, let the leaders of labor offer their advice as to how costs may be reduced through better management of labor and readjustment where necessary to lower living costs. It will be found, we believe, that while the chances of loss through fall in prices can not be altogether eliminated, most of the probable price decline can be anticipated through the general renunciation of profits beyond a fair minimum and of returns both to capital and to labor that depend on restriction of production. Sacrifice of returns measured in money must be expected all around, but that is no reason why production should not go forward, enlarging all around the returns measured in the concrete goods that men need.

In recent years there has been a tendency for business men to get together in all manner of associations for the advancement of their common interests. Hitherto they have interpreted those interests narrowly. They have joined to fight adverse legislation, to resist what they deem, often mistakenly, to be the arbitrary demands of labor. But there was a time in our history when business men got together for a better purpose. When the new American nation was on the point of perishing through the political weakness of government under the Articles of Confederation, it was the business interests that backed up the movement inaugurated by Hamilton which led to the adoption of the Constitution. The business men of that day were capable of conceiving their own interests in terms of the interests of the nation.

Politically competent as our national government is today, it is economically on a plane with the Articles of Confederation. It can spend money valiantly, and tax its citizens heroically, but when an economic crisis approaches, it hides its head in the sand. The crisis over, it struts with head erect, unmindful of the past and the future. But the men who claim leadership in the business affairs of the nation through control of capital or of labor can not afford to emulate the government in this respect. Rather, they must organize to protect the common interests the government neglects. For the existing system, of which they are the beneficiaries, lives not by virtue of the immutable laws of nature, but by virtue of its sufficiency for the supplying of human needs. And each successive swamping of economic life by the flood of chaos and unreason that we call an industrial crisis leaves a huge black smudge on the record of the system. Let any one examine the history of socialistic agitation; he will find that it was born of the industrial crisis and nursed into vigor by the industrial crisis. An economic system which does not possess a quality of statecraft capable of coping with the crisis deserves to die, and sooner or later is bound to die.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — CHARLES MERZ
FRANCIS HACKETT — WALTER LIPPMANN
ALVIN JOHNSON — PHILIP LITTELL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Impressions

II. A Provincial Soviet

I WAS lucky during my stay in Vladimir (accent on the second syllable) to find the provincial Soviet in session. The little town with its forty-thousand inhabitants, some one hundred and twenty miles due east of Moscow, is like many another capital of a "gubernia" (province) in Central Russia. I used to fancy that it might have been the model for Gogol's country town in the Inspector-General—the place from which you might drive for three years, and never reach a frontier. Nature, however, had made it more picturesque than most Russian towns, for in this land of endless plains it stood on a low ridge of hills. Below it wound the gleaming serpentine stream of the river Klyasma, and from the height one saw the endless Central Russian forest stretching to the horizon, its green dimmed by the menacing pall of smoke from the incessant fires. Vladimir, moreover, had a distinguished past. Its two cathedrals dated from the twelfth century, and one of them, an odd square building covered with fantastic reliefs of birds, beasts, Saints and their Creator, is familiar to students of architecture. At one end of its long main street stands the "golden gate," a triumphal arch, built by local princes before there was a Tsar in Moscow.

The revolution had changed little in its outer aspect. Most of the shops, indeed, were closed, though tantalizing advertisements still promised the non-existent goloshes or hats. The few Soviet stores were generally "sold-out" and deserted before mid-day. The uneven streets were comparatively clean. Two motor-cars existed in the whole province,—there had been none before the war—and all the horses shied at them, so primitive is this place. The electric light blazed in the streets for three hours after night fall, a luxury unknown in Moscow. The usual efforts of communist propaganda, posters in color, posters in print, and clever stencilled drawings, imprinted in black on the white-washed walls, formed your mind for you, as you walked, by their reiterated suggestion. The little town was monotonously orderly, puritanical and quiet. In my two weeks' stay I never saw a drunken man, a prostitute or a game of cards. I neither witnessed nor heard of a single act of violence or roughness. A very few armed militia men patrolled the streets, but I never heard a shot, and in a conspicuous place there stood a letter-box specially set apart and labelled for "Complaints against the Militia." I used to wonder in this "Bolshevik chaos" what order looks like in Cork or Galway.

The Soviet met, at least thrice a year, in a big classical building which had been the Nobles' Club. The outer aspect of the Soviet was rather sombre. There was a group of half-a-dozen women members from textile factories. All the rest were obviously workmen or peasants, big men, roughly dressed, and I think the only "intellectuals" among them were one or two village teachers. There the history of this revolution was made visible. In its first months the "intellectuals" had combatted it with an organized boycott. Their passive resistance was gradually broken. For nearly two years they had endured what was at best a suspicious tolerance. It was only towards the end of 1919 that the word of order came from the centre for a sort of reconciliation. Their food ration had been raised and their opportunities of service increased. Many of them have responded in loyal and devoted work. The class cleavage however remains. They are not trusted by the workmen. They are not welcomed in the governing Communist party. They are rarely elected to the Soviets. They are still only the employees of the dominant proletariat.

The Vladimir Soviet, like every other, contained an overwhelming majority of Communists (Bolsheviks). There were no Mensheviks who sat under that name. A tiny opposition, very loyal and discreet, perhaps ten per cent of the whole body, sheltered under the "non-party" label. There is much discussion among advanced circles in the West as to the relative merits of an occupational, as opposed to a territorial franchise. The question has its theoretical interest, but there is little light on it to be derived from Russian practice. The plain historic fact is that the Soviet was evolved as a fighting organization, well adapted to conduct a general strike. It remains in being as an organ of the Communist dictatorship. To waste time in discussing it as a representative system would be either foolish or dishonest. Under a dictatorship which denies, even to the tolerated Menshevik opposition, the indispensable opportunities of propaganda through the press and public meeting, no system of representation can work as such. By one expedient or another, the opposition is kept within insignificant dimensions, and the Soviet "represents" only the Communist party. No Russian Bolshevik would dispute or resent that plain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

statement of fact. It is the non-Russian propagandists who obscure the truth. None the less, it is possible that, even under free and equal conditions, the Communists, unless food at the moment were specially scarce, could secure a majority in Vladimir. They polled in this province fifty-five per cent of the votes in the "democratic" elections for the Constituent Assembly in 1917—as, indeed, they did throughout Central Russia. They have, since then, increased their influence among the younger generation.

The debates, given the somewhat artificial origin of the Soviet as a body virtually nominated by the Communist party, surprised me agreeably by their vigor and spirit. Of politics in our Western sense of the word one heard little. Some hours were occupied by a very long report on the Polish War, the London negotiations and the economic prospects of the Republic, by a member of the central administration, Comrade Larin, sent down from Moscow according to custom, for this purpose. The main business consisted in the discussion of the reports which each of the Heads of Departments of the Vladimir government made upon his own exercise of responsibility. Each report dealt both with the achievements in the past and the plans for the future, with much precise detail and full statistics. The Soviet listened very quietly and attentively: there was little applause, and no interruption, and many of the delegates took copious notes in order to be able to report to the county or district (Uyezd and Volost) councils which had elected them to the provincial (gubernia) Soviet. Most of them were men themselves actively engaged, in some smaller field, in the work of administration. Politics mean in Russia today mainly the handling of material things, and most of the discussion turned, in a business-like way, on the building of bridges or schools, the making of agricultural machines, the re-organization of factories, and the supply of essential goods. I found peasants and workmen much easier to understand than "intellectuals," and got a fair idea of some of their speeches. Many of them were sharply critical of the administration, and the hardest hitting came from the Communists. It is a complete mistake to suppose that party discipline forbids a critical attitude. The hottest attack was loudly applauded, and by a vote of the Soviet the time allotted to this speaker was extended from five minutes to twenty-five. He urged that "we should not drop into a lazy way of blaming the blockade and the war for everything," and that more bridges and schools could have been built, if peasant labor had been called up for the purpose. The "Minister" (to give him that Western name) retorted hotly, whereupon a peasant made a delightfully naive but sensible and soothing speech, on the text "we are teaching ourselves how to rule." A teacher followed with a much applauded plea for more schools, and an argument that the peasants are so eager for education, that they would gladly have obeyed a summons to build them. The "Minister's" answer was a little irrelevant, but deeply interesting. No less than 3,000 men had been embodied in early spring in the Vladimir government for the sole purpose of building: everyone of them had had to be sent to the Polish front. The best speaker in point of form was a peasant, a non-Communist, who evidently had a real literary gift: he spoke slowly, forming his phrases carefully, and giving to them an original and slightly poetical turn. He was pleading for more scientific agriculture: "War is the negation of civilization, and yet it had taught us much, for some of us as prisoners had seen in Germany how the Prussians get rich crops from sandy soil even poorer than ours." A Communist answered him that individual peasant cultivation is hopeless: "the peasants look on the Soviet instructors as anti-Christs": the only hope is to develop the communal farms.

In the intervals of the debates I found the individual delegates eager to talk about their work. One man told me an almost incredible tale about the results achieved in his factory, (a powder-mill) since the Revolution. During the Great War it had 17,000 hands on the pay-sheets, and turned out only fifty poods of powder daily. It now, with only 9,000 hands, made one hundred poods daily, beside large quantities of other important things. Under the old regime quite half the "hands" had been used as cooks, coachmen and servants to the staff. The staff itself had been reduced by desertion from fifty-four to nine, but these nine had undertaken the scientific instruction of the abler workmen. The workers had themselves built a club house, a narrow gauge railway and a brick kiln, and twelve of them had in their spare time, repaired a derelict locomotive, which now carried their products to Moscow. I might have doubted this glowing report, had not the delegate pressed me most earnestly and repeatedly to come and see for myself. Unluckily the distance was too great. Another delegate told me of the affairs of a group of four big cotton mills. They had raised their production forty per cent over the low level of 1918, and would fulfill their program for the year, if (a serious reservation) the "armored" food ration arrived punctually. One of these four mills had recently installed electric power, derived from peat. He was full of their partly accomplished work to utilize a more distant peat-field in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order to electrify a second mill. They, too, were building a light railway. These two men, eager, ambitious, intelligent and bent on big schemes to raise the productivity of industry, were typical of the part played by the Communist worker. Like the Communist volunteers in the Red Army their role is to lead, to stimulate zeal, to quicken the tempo of the sluggish Russian pulse and to set the example of sacrifice and unstinting labor, when others would droop from inanition and fatigue. For this zeal, recollect, the reward is not profits, but only the joy in creative work.

In my talks with the peasants I was chiefly anxious to learn their view of the system of requisitions. The peasants pay no taxes, no rent, no interest on mortgages, and usually their miserable little holdings have been enlarged since the revolution. On the other hand they must give up the surplus of their crops to the government, which maintains a monopoly of the trade in grain. Forty pounds of rye per month is allowed for every member of a peasant's family over one year of age, which seems a more than sufficient average amount. Fodder, oats, flax and potatoes are treated in the same way. The surplus is valued at the Soviet price, which is a mere fraction of the speculative price. Theoretically the peasant ought to be able to buy with the purchase money boots, textiles and the like, also at the nominal Soviet prices, but in practice these goods are scarce and seldom obtainable, and the low money payment, for one-third of the levy, is therefore almost worthless. The peasant is entitled also to receive the value of two-thirds of his requisitioned crops in kind (cotton, oil, salt etc.), but once more, the quantities given are often inadequate. The equation, if the surplus is large, will not balance, and discontent is inevitable. None the less, the poorer peasants who have rarely any large surplus, suffer little from these requisitions and probably receive much more than they give. One big giant of a peasant, a young man with an open and kindly face, a Communist, as the younger men are apt to be, gave me the experience of his little village. It consisted of two hundred and twenty-three persons (say forty families) and in rye (the chief crop) had only given up 1,000 pounds, as its collective contribution. It will certainly get textiles, and paraffin, not to mention free schooling and other state services, which exceed the value of this corn levy many times over. It is the richer peasants, especially, in the black earth zone, where communism was never strong, who have a grievance, since they grow a big surplus, and receive only a fraction of its value in kind. The war on the whole eased the requisitions, as the young soldiers came and went on leave. Certain parts of fields were marked off for the levy, and the peasants would say, as they reaped them, "this is for the Comrades" (meaning the absent Red soldiers) and set it aside.

At this point in my talk with the young giant, a bustling elder peasant kept interrupting us. "Now take a new page" he insisted, "for your notes of what I have to say." He was evidently a somewhat richer man. He had cut one hundred and twenty poods (a pood is forty pounds) of hay, and had had to give up three poods for the levy. This seemed to him a gross exaction and he was surprised that I had no sympathy to bestow. His chief personal reason for opposition to the Revolution was, I think, that some time before it, he and some neighbors had clubbed together to buy the forest which served their village. They had paid all but the last instalment of the price, when suddenly the Revolution nationalized their forest. They can still cut all they need for their own use, whether for fuel or for building, but they cannot make a profit by selling to others.

Of some of the men at the head of the Soviet administration I saw a good deal, and on the whole my impression was favorable. All of them except the directors of Education and Health had been manual workers, and all except the director of Health were Communists. I heard them described by hostile "intellectuals" as mere "Izvostchiks" (cab-drivers) and "unlettered laborers." Such phrases, I think, expressed only the contempt of the vulgar middle-class mind for the man who works with his hands, and I heard them more often from half-educated persons, than from doctors or teachers, who often spoke well of the administration. President Kudrasheff, who liked to encourage my limping Russian, was a man of dignified presence, and courteous speech, who made an admirable chairman of the Soviet. I once heard him quote a Russian classic in a way that showed familiarity, and the clear and connected account which he gave me of the history of Vladimir since the Revolution, could have come only from a disciplined mind. With another colleague, one of the three heads of the Department of Production, I spent a whole day. An engineer by trade, he delighted me by his lucid disquisitions on machinery, in which he showed no mean knowledge of theoretical mechanics and mathematics. He reminded me of a Scotch carpenter, known to me in boyhood, who became a teacher of science. He was the typical Communist, idealist yet realist, his brain on fire with schemes for turning science to account to develop the neglected resources of Russia. I got him to talk freely about the "intellectuals" who served under him. On some of them, chiefly architects and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engineers, he poured the most generous eulogy. They were, he said, men with the spirit of "artists," who worked for the pleasure of creation and the motive of service. He paid a high tribute to their zeal, and said they would often work voluntarily for fourteen or sixteen hours a day. These were always the ablest men of their professions, and with these it was a pleasure to work. Others, the type of man who had only worked for profits and fees in the old days, performed their minimum tasks indifferently. The Director of Education, Comrade Plaksya, was the only University man in the team, plainly an idealist of the self-sacrificing Russian type, gentle, kindly, and in love with his children and his work. The others impressed me less, perhaps because they were reserved, but they were modest, and frank in speaking of their failures and difficulties—probably, as everyone told me, the abler men were mostly at the front. One could not say, as yet, that the administration attained by Western standards a high standard of competence. What Russian administration ever did? Hard work and courage were its great virtues.

Corruption, when detected, was severely punished, and a rather elaborate system existed for detecting both corruption and inefficiency. This system of "Inspection" supplied the detailed control, which the Soviet itself cannot undertake in its short and infrequent sittings. The Soviet of each "government" elects a standing "collegiate" of five inspectors, and these in turn engage a staff of specialists. They examine all the plans, estimates and accounts of the departments, watch the work in operation, and make "flying" visits unannounced to factories and bureaucratic departments. They are assisted by delegates, workmen and peasants, elected by the factory councils and the local (Uyezd and Volost) councils, who attend their sittings, and accompany their visits of inspection. In this way an independent, popular element is brought in to check the bureaucracy. A similar machinery on a smaller scale exists in the county (Uyezd) and the parish (Volost). Again, there is a "Bureau of Complaints" which receives and investigates written protests from individual citizens, who think they have been wronged by officials. Out of six hundred and forty-eight complaints, in seven months, in the Vladimir province, fifty-nine were found to be justified, and the grievances were redressed. The proportion seems low, but it may be, as the chief of the bureau explained, that most of the complainants supposed erroneously that they had suffered wrong, because they did not know the law of the new regime. Three of the five persons who acted as the jury of this bureau are non-Communists.

The "Extraordinary Commission" which combats "Counter-Revolution" enjoys a terrible reputation abroad, and in Moscow it certainly is a ruthless engine of terror. If one would form a picture of Russian life, however, one must bear in mind that the vast mass of the Russian population lives in the provinces. There has never been a "terror" in Vladimir, though undoubtedly life had been made harder at one time for the middle-class than it is now. The hostile "intellectuals" with whom I talked, guessed that about forty persons had been executed in the whole province since the Revolution, out of a population of 1,600,000. In fact, as the books of the Commission showed, there had been in all seventy-nine persons executed since the Revolution. Of these, according to the records, eighteen had taken part in armed mutinies and were taken with arms; twelve were officials guilty of grave dereliction of duty, usually corruption; twelve were brigands or robbers; twelve were members of the old Tsarist secret police, and twenty-five were military deserters. No one, in short, was shot merely for hostile political opinions. The Commission ceased in February of this year to have the right to pass capital sentences. I looked over the calendar of its less serious cases, which included peculation, bribery, drunkenness, and robbery, and found in it only one category of obviously political offences, under the heading "counter-revolutionary and anti-Soviet activities." There were six such cases this year. All but one were acquitted, and this one, sentenced to six months imprisonment, was released after two months. I heard frequent complaints which certainly were, or had been well-founded, of the dilatory procedure of the Extraordinary Commission. Men were often arrested, and "sat" as Russians say, for weeks in prison before a charge was formulated: the prison, moreover, was dirty and the food bad and insufficient. The President admitted the truth of this complaint in the past, but declared that since his own recent appointment, no prisoner had been kept for more than twenty-four hours without a charge. Nothing can alter the fact that this Commission is a summary court, armed until lately with absolute powers, working in secret and admitting no defence save such as the prisoner can make unaided, but its actual record was much milder than its reputation. Its chief work, however, is to act as an examining body which prepares cases for other tribunals. The "Revolutionary Tribunal" is, on the other hand, a regular court, sitting in public, and admitting defence by advocates under the usual forms. I heard nothing to its discredit in Vladimir, and its president impressed me favorably. It has this year (up to the end of September) passed only three capital sentences. Of these cases one was an official, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist, who stole government stores, another, an ex-Tsarist agent provocateur, and the third, a deserter from the army who had twice repeated his offence. In the early stages of the Revolution there certainly was, even in Vladimir, some mean and petty persecution of the middle-class. This has admittedly ceased, and even to some of the most quoted cases, there were sometimes two sides.

I should weary the reader if I attempted to reproduce the big "dossier" of facts and statistics which I collected about the Vladimir administration. With education I shall deal fully in a later article. On its constructive side, the Agricultural Department was perhaps the most interesting. The land, of course, had been nationalized, but in fact the individual peasant cultivator retains his old holding, and has usually had it enlarged. Though he enjoys no legal property in it, he is in practice left undisturbed, and hands it down to his son. He may not sell it or mortgage it, and can in theory be dispossessed, if he neglects to cultivate it. The system is, however, for all practical purposes peasant ownership. The landed gentry almost always fled abroad. The problem for the administration is the nearly desperate one, of getting a higher yield from an uneconomic system, worked by conservative and illiterate peasants. One has only to see the long narrow strips of tillage and fallow, rye alternating with thistles, to realize that the first step is to educate the peasant out of his individualism. Some progress has been made. In many villages the peasants are now forming "artels" (co-operative groups) for common cultivation. The long narrow strips, a few yards wide, disappear. The separate holdings are amalgamated into big fields. Instead of the alternate tillage and fallow, one sees a six or eight field system, with a proper rotation of crops. For the first time machinery is being used, scarce though it is. Eight tractors belonging to the department were used for the first time this season. Some one hundred and fifty-six villages in this province have adopted the "artel" system since the Revolution.

There are also some "communal" farms, in which the workers not merely produce but also consume in common. They usually live in the big manor house abandoned by the former proprietor, and have a common kitchen and common meals, while each family has its own room or rooms. This system does not attract the peasants, and is chiefly favored by industrial Communist workmen returning to the land. I saw one of these farms. The cultivation was immensely better than that of the individual peasants, though the soil was mere sand, and four in seven of the able-bodied men were at the front. The women told me that, thanks to the common kitchen, their domestic work had been halved. I doubt, however, whether these experiments (there are forty-seven in Vladimir province) are quantitatively of much importance, or have much future. More important are the big farms (fifty-eight) managed directly by the Soviet. On these the workers are employees, working for payment in kind and money. They have, of course, their farm "councils," which they value, and they have undoubtedly gained immeasurably by the Revolution, and know it. In the three specimens that I saw, the estate had been visibly improved since the Revolution. New buildings had been constructed, the stock increased, and neglected land brought under cultivation. A peasant holding generally yields from five to seven fold of the seed sown; an "artel" gets from ten to twelve fold, while the better Soviet farms, with expert direction, make twenty fold. Every device of propaganda and education is at work to improve cultivation. The Soviet keeps a big staff of experts to direct and teach the peasants, and has established both short courses of lectures, and full-time schools for their technical instruction. It has organized the lending of machinery and of live stock for breeding, but two years, under incessant war and blockade, is a short time in which to measure results.

The officials responsible for industry gave me a frank and melancholy survey. The Vladimir province works in metals, textiles, leather and wood. Of its factories and workshops only two in every five are working at all, though these are usually the biggest and best equipped. Industry has been concentrated, and if there is a big leaven of active Communists in the surviving factories, they now work relatively well. Raw material, owing to the civil war, came irregularly, and much of the machinery was worn out. The output, however, was not negligible. Thus 4,000 ploughs and 25,000 scythes had been made this year, to mention only two items.

Individual management is now the rule, though the Works' Council survives. The discipline of work seems now to be normal, and the cotton mills (though often stopped for want of cotton) have again reached the pre-war level of production for each machine (seventy arshins, i. e. fifty-four yards daily). The program laid down in advance was always realized for the army: it was the civil production which suffered. Thus the army this year received ninety-eight per cent of the boots ordered for it, while only forty per cent of the boots destined for the civil population could be completed. The saw-mills are now near ruin, for lack of new saws, and realized only twenty-seven

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

per cent of the official program. Grave as the case of Russian industry is, it can hardly be much worse relatively than that of Central Europe. The German textile output is one-third of the pre-war figure, and in Austria the general output of all industries is one-fourth of what it was.

With the medical staff of the Department of Health I had a memorable talk. Only one doctor in the whole province was a Communist, and he was not in a responsible position. On the other hand not one single doctor had fled in the general exodus of the wealthy class. Every man and woman had stuck to his post, and few of them seemed interested in politics. One half had been mobilized and were at the front; there remained one hundred and sixty-five, but no less than thirty had given their lives in their battle with last year's typhus epidemic. All medical service is free, and the doctors live like any other skilled workers of the highest category, drawing rations on the Red Army scale and earning from 4,000 to 8,000 roubles monthly. The blockade has fallen with inhuman cruelty upon the sick, for Russia had never manufactured either drugs or medical instruments. Some have been bought since April, when the blockade was somewhat relaxed, but these went to the wounded, and did not suffice even for their needs. In Vladimir there were no anaesthetics, no caffein (the only medicine of much use in typhus), little quinine, and a dreadful shortage of every sort of drug, disinfectant and instrument, including even clinical thermometers, though an attempt is now being made to manufacture them in Moscow. Worst of all, perhaps, was the almost total lack of soap.

None the less, the Department of Health had gone to work with courage, intelligence and the Russian talent for improvisation. In spite of the blockade, it had a notable record of constructive achievement. It had set up fifty delousing and disinfection stations against typhus, and there was, in consequence, no epidemic last winter. It had got typhoid down below the pre-war average. It had opened four new sanatoria for tuberculosis. It had created thirty new dental clinics with free treatment. It had organized perambulating lectures for the villages on hygiene and the care of children and the sick, and was using the cinema for the same purpose. These doctors told me that open prostitution had wholly disappeared since the Revolution, and they attributed a decline in insanity to the prohibition of alcohol. It needs a mental effort to realize that no work for public health, save on the smallest scale, was possible in Russia before the Revolution.

H. N. Brailsford

On Puritans

THE solemn hour approaches. It will soon be just three hundred years since the Pilgrims let go their anchor off the coast of Cape Cod. A flood of oratory will surely descend upon us. The New England Societies, the Pilgrim societies, the Forbears societies, the Colonial Dames, and the French and Indian War societies, and all those who need an excuse for a night out will attend banquets given under the benign auspices of astute hotel managers. College presidents, serene, secure, solemn and starched will rise and tell again to restless youths the story of Miles Standish and Cotton Mather. Evangelical clergymen will set aside special days for sermons and thanksgivings. The Archbishop of Canterbury (shades of Laud!) will send a cablegram to the Back Bay Brotherhood! We shall be shown again, as Henry Jones Ford (Scotch-Irish) once remarked, "how civilization entered the United States by way of New England." We shall hear again how it was the Puritans who created on these shores representative and democratic republics, wrested the sword of power from George III, won the Revolutionary war, and freed the slaves. It has ever been thus. Egomania must be satisfied and after dinner speakers must have their fees.

The flood of half truth, honest ignorance, and splendid conceit will produce an equal reaction—a cry of rage and pain from the improvers of America. Mr. H. L. Mencken will burst upon our affrighted gaze in full war paint, knife in teeth, a tomahawk dripping with ink in one hand, a stein of Pilsner in the other, and the scalps of Professors Phelps, Sherman, and Matthews hanging to his belt. He will spout a huge geyser of pishposh and set innumerable smaller geysers in motion near Greenwich village.

In view of the clouds on the horizon and the impending deluge, it would be well to take our latitude now and find our course lest we should be blown ashore and wrecked upon the rocks of Plain Asininity. Nothing would be more sensible than to renew our acquaintance with Green, Gardiner, Prothero, Hallam, Lingard, Clarendon, Ludlow, Bradford, Usher, Bancroft, and the other serried volumes that flank the wall. The record seems to stand fairly clear: an autocratic Stuart monarchy and an intolerant ear-clipping Church, the protests of the purifiers, qui . . . receptam Ecclesiae Anglicanae disciplinam, liturgiam, episcoporum vocationem in quaestionem palam vocarunt, immo damnarunt, the propositions of Cartwright, the godliness of the independents, the Mayflower compact, Cotton Mather's Magnalia, and all the rest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But neither the orators nor the contemners are content with the plain record. They must show how the Puritans had all the virtues or all the vices. Once the term Puritanism had fairly definite connotations. Now it has lost them all. By the critics it is used as a term of opprobrium applicable to anything that interferes with the new freedom, free verse, psycho-analysis, or even the double entendre.

Evidently in the midst of much confusion, some definition is necessary, and for that purpose I have run through a dozen eulogiums on the Puritans (not omitting G. W. Curtis's orations) and an equal number of attacks on the Puritans (not omitting Mencken's Prefaces). From these authentic documents I have culled the following descriptive terms applied to Puritans. I append a table for the benefit of the reader. Puritanism means:

Godliness	Philistinism
Thrift	Harsh restraint
Liberty	Beauty-hating
Democracy	Sour-faced fanaticism
Culture	Supreme hypocrisy
Industry	Canting
Frugality	Demonology
Temperance	Enmity to true art
Resistance to tyranny	Intellectual tyranny
Pluck	Brutal intolerance
Principle	Grape juice
A free church	Grisly sermons
A free state	Religious persecution
Equal rights	Sullenness
A holy Sabbath	Ill-temper
Liberty under law	Stinginess
Individual freedom	Bigotry
Self-government	Conceit
The gracious spirit of Christianity	Bombast

I look upon this catalogue and am puzzled to find "the whole truth." When I think of Puritan "temperance" I am reminded of cherry bounce and also the good old Jamaica rum which New England used to make in such quantities that it would float her mercantile marine. When I think of "demonology," I remember that son of Boston, Benjamin Franklin, whose liberality of spirit even Mencken celebrates, when he falsely attributes it to French influence, having never in his omniscience read the Autobiography. When I think of "liberty and individual freedom," I shudder to recall stories of the New England slavers and the terrible middle passage which only Ruskin's superb imagination could picture. When I think of "pluck and industry," I recollect the dogged labors of French peasants, Catholic in faith and Celtic in race. When I see the staring words "brutal intolerance" I recall the sweet spirit of Roger Williams, aye, the sweeter spirit of John Milton whose Areopagitica was written before the school of the new freedom was established. When I read "hypocrisy" and "canting" I cannot refrain from associating with them the antics of the late Wilhelm II who, I believe, was not born in Boston. So I take leave of the subject. Let the honest reader, standing under the stars, pick out those characteristics that distinctly and consistently mark the Puritans through their long history.

If we leave generalities for particulars we are equally baffled. Some things of course are clear. The art of reading and writing was doubtless more widely spread in New England than in the other colonies, but that has little or no relation to education or wisdom. Until about 1890 New England did most of the Northern writing for "serious thinkers." It is not necessary to name authors or magazines. New England early had a considerable leisure class free for excursions into the realm of the spirit, but whether that was the product of Puritanism or catches of cod is an open question. Most of our histories have been written in New England, but the monopoly has long passed. New England contributed heavily to western settlement, to the Union army, and to the annual output of textiles. Puritanism did not build our railways, construct our blast furnaces or tunnel our hills.

But when one goes beyond so many pages of poetry, so many volumes of history and sermons, and the Puritan Sabbath one is in a quaking bog. Critics attribute the raucous and provincial note in our literature to the Puritans. No student of the history of colonization would make that mistake. What have the millions of French who have lived and died in Canada produced to compare with the magnificent literature of France? How many Greek colonies scattered along the shores of the Mediterranean could rival the metropolis in sculpture or tragedy? The rusticity of the province was not monopolized by Puritans.

Take then the matter of government. The Mayflower Compact, the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, and the Fundamental Articles of New Haven set forth a form of religious brotherhood as old as the Church at Jerusalem described in the Acts. The Pilgrims were not Puritans anyway, but even if they were they did not invent the term or the idea of a compact. The so-called democracy of the Massachusetts Bay Corporation was nothing but the democracy of an English company of merchant adventurers brought to America. What was not religious was English. Nothing was new. Nothing in the realm of ideas was contributed by the Puritans.

Consider also the spirit of our government. If we speak of American democracy, must we not think of Jefferson rather than John Adams or Fisher Ames? And Jefferson was born in Virginia,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the original home of slavery, indentured servitude, an aristocracy, and an Established Church. Moreover his doctrines, especially his political views, were not as Mencken implies "importations" from France. Any schoolboy who ever heard of John Locke knows better. Was John Locke a Puritan?

Did Jefferson create American democracy? I resort to a Puritan of the Puritans, who according to authentic documents knew and loved good whiskey, Daniel Webster. He delivered an oration at Plymouth on the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and he told more solid truth than will be found in all the oratorical eruptions that will break forth in this harassed land next December. And what did he say? "Our New England ancestors . . . came to a new country. There were as yet no land yielding rent, and no tenants rendering service. . . . They were themselves either from their original condition or from the necessity of their common interest, nearly on a general level in respect to property. Their situation demanded a parcelling out and division of the lands and it may be fairly said that this necessary act fixed the future frame and form of their government. The character of their political institutions was determined by the fundamental laws respecting property."

For more than two hundred years the freeholder and his wife who labored with their own hands shaped the course of American development. This fact has more to do with American democracy, American art, American literature, as Mencken himself knows and says, than all the Puritanism ever imported into New England. The yeoman and his wife were too busy with honest work to give long hours to problem plays, sex stories, or the other diversions of "the emancipated age." Imagine Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton, or Baudelaire doing a turn at log rolling or at spring plowing in the stormy fields of New Hampshire! Sufficient unto the day is what comes out of it. Whoever will not try to see things as they really are need not set himself up as a critic or teacher. And let it be remembered that the Irish, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, and Jews are not the only people who can be objective, high, diaphanous, Olympian und understand "poor, crude America, with its dull, puritanical, Philistine history."

It was not the Puritans that inflicted professors and doctors of philosophy upon us and doctor's dissertations, seminars, research, and "thoroughness." It was not a Puritan nor even an Englishman who first spent five years on the gerundive in Caesar. It was not a Puritan who devised the lecture system, or professorships in English literature. The Puritan may not measure up to Mencken's ideal of art, but he did built houses that are pleasing to the eye and comfortable to live in, and he never put his kitchen midden before his front door. Let us remember also that it was not the Puritans who expelled Shelley from Oxford, and that Lincoln, of New England origin, loved a ripping story, wrote a good hand, had irregular notions about Providence, was not a Sabbatarian, and did not advocate the eighteenth amendment.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Apple

THE apple that Eve ate; the apple that Atalanta stooped for in her running, thereby losing her race—these are apples that have glowed for us all.

But for me, privately, there is another apple. It rolled upon the floor of an Italic farmhouse, and a shrinking maiden looked upon it. And the poet who might have made her name a long-remembered one, made of this maiden's agitation only a figure for his poem.

The apple and the maiden are in Catullus—"As the apple, the lover's whispered gift, slips from the maiden's lap, she forgetting she had hidden it in the folds of her gown; at her mother's entrance she starts to her feet, the apple shaken from its hiding place rolls on the ground, and a guilty blush suffuses her frightened countenance."

And so Catullus leaves the maiden, not aware that he was leaving her in a dread suspense for longer than his Rome endured.

I have called the maiden Melissa, and I have come to know her and the household she was of. Her father voted for old Cato.

Never a wreath had Melissa worn; never had she decked herself with a flower. She laughed seldom and she spoke seldom; she was one of those children who have not been awakened to any task or any affection. When we see them we look into their eyes to see if there is not some blindness there.

A sculptor would have praised the grace and vigor of her young body—a body made for endurance and for a short summer of beauty. Yesterday, as she watched the poultry, a fox, heedless of any danger, sprang amongst them. The white cock he would assuredly have carried off. Then would Melissa have had bitter chidings from her stern mother.

But a youth had dashed to the rescue, and the bold fox was made to scamper away.

The maiden was left to think on what a youth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was—how much taller and kinder than her brothers. And instead of thinking of the ripening olives and the growing kid, instead of thinking on the clothes she had to wash for her brothers, all her thoughts stayed about the youth, as, in the household, all gather around the hearth.

And he had given the apple to her. He said to her he would see her at the fountain. He had come to her with other youths who came to other maidens, and had given her the apple. Then had she placed it in the soft folds of her gown. As she went back to the house, the savor, the smell, and the redness of the apple were all that was in her for thought and vision.

She sat by the hearth, but at her mother's entrance she started up, and the apple, slipping from the folds of her gown, rolled upon the floor.

The mother took up her spindle, and standing at one side of the hearth, began to turn the threads. The severe mother! Soon she will look around and see Melissa without a task to her hands.

And the maiden, awakened now from the blankness that was half her life, prays, "Fortune, Oh Fortune, may my mother not see the apple that Marius gave me! If she see it, what shall I say to her? If she looks at me what will she think about the blush that reddens my face?"

Silently the mother turns the spindle. A shadow rests upon the floor, and the shining apple for a while may not be seen.

Then the mother lays the spindle down. She sits. When the maiden steals a glance towards her she sees that she is sleeping.

Fortune, Oh Fortune!

Melissa takes up the apple. Fair it is, a keepsake and a talisman!

She takes the apple, and once more she hides it in the soft folds of her gown.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Margery

The Butterfly loves Mignonette,
And every moment deeper sips;
When winds do shake him by his wings,
He fastens tighter with his lips:
So let the whole world make me shake,
I will not from my true love break.

The bird is perched alone and sings,
Not all the rain can make him stop;
He sings, in truth, the more, as though
He'd sing one note for every drop:
So, like that bird, to his heart true,
I'll sing through showers that wet me through.

W. H. DAVIES.

A COMMUNICATION

The Defeat of Venizelos

SIR: With the elimination of Clemenceau, and the anti-Wilson landslide of the last election, fresh in mind, the severe repudiation of Eleutherios Venizelos by the Greek people, in the recent general election, will appear to many as a logical consequence of post-war psychology.

People on both sides of the Atlantic will wonder at the debacle suffered by the Venizelos forces on November 14th, notwithstanding the warnings given by anti-Venizelist Greeks, here and abroad, to the effect that nine-tenths of the Hellenic people were against the man, his party and his dictatorship. But we forget that those warnings were given by such Greeks as were duly branded as pro-German during the hard times of war hysteria, and who paid the penalty of unpopularity simply for the crime of upholding the independence and the liberties of the Hellenic people at a time when the whole world seemed to be fighting in order to make the world safe for democracy.

"The defeat of Venizelos will mean the victory of the pro-German element in Greece." Thus some of the most influential New York dailies commented on the Greek election on the morning of November 14th. And yet twenty-four hours afterwards the same papers were forced to inform their readers of the fact that the Venizelist party in Greece was crushed, and that Venizelos himself with eleven members of his cabinet failed of reelection. Still Greece did not go pro-German as France certainly did not go pro-German when Clemenceau was put out of office, and as America did not go pro-German when she buried Wilson and his policies under Republican votes.

Greece simply got rid of Venizelos, and that is about the size of it. And she punished him for no other reason than because this man had sinned against the one thing Greeks have always considered to be sacred, namely their political and national liberty.

My readers are familiar with the Venizelist story of how he was for the Entente when the war started, and how King Constantine, (the Kaiser's brother-in-law etc.) was against them, and how the Greek people were anxious to enter the fray ever since the first battle of the Marne, and how the King showed his contempt for the Hellenic Constitution by dismissing the Premier who had a twenty-five vote majority in a Chamber of 316, on the question of entering the world war, and how then Sarrail and Fournet and Jonnart, being respectively a general, an admiral and a senator of France came to the rescue, and helped Venizelos to start a revolution amidst half a million Allied bayonets in Saloniki, and took a hand in forcibly dispossessing the Greeks of their navy and their arms, and finally their King, and how then Greece under Venizelos got into the war, and came out of it victorious and with large gains of territory and population.

So far then so good. But then there were the Greek people, I mean the average people, who were overwhelmed by this world event, and silenced by the international censorships, and the Venizelist terrorism, and who for the last three years could not give expression to their feelings and their anguishes and their hopes and desires.

For three years Venizelos has reigned supreme in Greece,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nominal reign of poor King Alexander notwithstanding.

His idea was to establish an absolute regime, in which he would be the chief for life, presumably "for the good of the country." More than that his more remote ideal was to become a miniature Cromwell, or failing that to give a good imitation of Napoleon the Third, Napoleon the Little, as immortalized by Hugo. The great war gave him powerful protectors, unlimited resources in money, and newspaper prestige, and thus this comparatively obscure country lawyer, chaperoned by the great and the near-great of his day, made his appearance on the historical stage of Paris and London in the palmy days following the war.

Here again his record is well known. Among the old timers of the diplomatic game, this well advertised newcomer was accepted by mutual consent as the genius of the Conference. And it may be said in passing, that very often his countrymen expressed serious doubts regarding the abilities and the merits of the other members of the Peace Conference, when men like Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau declared the Cretan the cleverest of them all.

Venizelos was clever in finding out beforehand what it was the big fellows wanted from him, and in giving it to them before they asked for it. So it was when President Wilson went to Paris with his League of Nations, and found in Venizelos the staunchest supporter of his views and his scheme. It was so when France, not knowing how to strengthen the Denikin forces against the Reds, found Venizelos obligingly putting at her disposal a whole Greek Division, which after all was composed of the bitterest anti-Venizelists . . . It was so when the question of naval supremacy was brought up and Venizelos first proposed that it would be to the advantage of every small country (including its dictator of course) that Great Britain should have the greatest navy on the seas. Venizelos knew how to serve his masters, and he received his reward in added popularity and prestige. The man who was willing to send an army to Poland, and who was ready to employ Greek troops in Armenia, and finally the man who played so skillfully the role of a Hindu prince offering his armies for any enterprise of his protectors, was no doubt popular in the world established by the Treaty of Versailles. Now, had this world popularity been the only way whereby a politician might strengthen his rule over his people, Venizelos would be still governing the Greeks. But as the League of Nations is still too young, the Premiers and party leaders of the small countries have yet to depend on the vote of their own peoples, and that is the thing that spoils the game of the big men who rule the world . . .

The Greek people in this case would have admired their dictator, if he had not usurped power by the use of a French-made revolution and the active collaboration of Senegalese troops. They would have accepted Venizelos if he had not boasted of the fact that he was instrumental in bringing about the Allied blockade of the then neutral Greece, during the terrible winter of 1916 and 1917, when hundreds of innocent people starved to death. . . . They would have accepted him, had he on the day following the dethronement of King Constantine, dissolved the then existing parliament and proclaimed a general election in order to get a popular mandate. They would have accepted him, had he not brought back to life the constitutionally defunct parliament of June 13, 1915, after purging it of one half of its members, for the crime of opposing the Venizelist party. And they would have accepted him and his greatness, had he shown even a slight regard for the rights of the plain people.

Venizelos did nothing of the kind. He simply got hold of the country as an invader, and held it down in submission by terrorism, by the wholesale elimination from the public life of every one of his opponents, by shootings and imprisonment, and by the deportation and the court-martialing of all those who dared question his authority. Venizelos began by demoralizing the army and finished by demoralizing the whole country. It was he who created the praetorian army known as the Army of National Defense, in addition to the regular army raised by universal conscription. It was he who formed the terrible Security Police and the Secret Service Corps, the main object of these organizations being the running down of all those "not favoring" the Venizelos unconstitutional regime. It was he who in defiance of every political and parliamentary principle extended the unconstitutional life of his resurrected parliament of June, 1915, up to October, 1920; it was he who gagged the press by the most severe kind of censorship maintained up to the day of his defeat. It was he who established and maintained out of the public funds the most extended and the most active propaganda all over the world in order to slander and persecute his opponents in every corner of the globe, from Egypt to San Francisco, and from Scandinavia to the Cape and from Spain to Australia . . .

The Greek people stood all this for three, or to say better, for five long years. They suffered in silence, because they felt that any internal disturbance in Greece, when the whole national question was at stake, might spell the doom of Greece's aspirations and hopes. Venizelos knew this and played for time, until he felt there was no safety in prolonging the game. So he proclaimed a general election after passing his infamous electoral bills, by which whole provinces, such as Thrace, were not permitted to allow the presence of opposition candidates, and by which the whole army vote at the front would be under the control of Venizelist officers, while martial law remained in force in the majority of the provinces of Greece.

To say that the whole structure of the Venizelos dictatorship was upheld by every political and commercial profiteer in Greece, to add that Greek organized labor has suffered untold persecution under the Venizelist regime, to state that waste of public money, and a riot of graft held full sway in Greece for three years, and to inform the admirers of the "great Cretan" that the Venizelist experiment has cost little Greece the round sum of eight billion drachmas of public debt, is to give only some additional explanation of his fearful defeat at the polls.

The elimination of Venizelos from the political stage of Greece leaves the country independent and united. And the Greek people once more becoming masters in their own house, ought to be allowed to settle their own affairs as they please, even to the extent of having back their exiled King who is more popular than ever, because he typifies the Hellenic revolt against the autocracy and the absolutism of un-liberal Venizelism.

New York City. ADAMANTIOS POLYZOIDES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God's Country

Main Street, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

CAN you imagine Henry James deposited for five or six years in McHenry, Illinois, or Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, or Eldora, Iowa? Or can you imagine George Meredith coming to anchor in any of these hard-shelled villages? Or, for that matter, Joseph Conrad? A Kalmuk village might easily engage Conrad, or a London village hold Henry James, but there is something about the American town of small size that says no to the idea of these artists. The small American town, that is to say, presents a fictional problem all its own, and one can only imagine Henry James pathetically groping for the handle as one imbecilly gropes for a strange door-handle in the dark.

The immense interest of Main Street is not simply that Mr. Sinclair Lewis has written his best novel, but that his best novel should cope with this flatness and hardness and thinness which is the small, new American prairie town. He calls it Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, and because it is Minnesota the facts group around Swedes rather than Germans, around the Cities rather than St. Louis or Chicago. But his village is not a special village. It is, as he himself says, a representative specimen, standing for something to be found anywhere and everywhere in the length and breadth of the Middle West. It is, so to say, the heart of American Philistia, the perfect nodulation of the plutocratic middle class. It has its college graduates, its clergymen, its Reds, its Whites, its Single Taxers, its Protective Tariff disciples, its smart set, (who has not heard of the Four Hundred of Chillecothe, Illinois?), its club-women, its bankers and bakers and butchers and undertakers, its doctors and lawyers and odd-job men and dead-beats and Joans of Arc? But the collection, the agglomeration, of all these is, necessarily, a specimen of pluto-democratic American society, earmarked by the Saturday Evening Post. Man, of course, does not live by Fords alone. Even among the dreariest of American institutions and under their heavy multiplicity and monotony there does sprout an occasional surprising difference. That Mr. Lewis shows. But his Gopher Prairie stands out precisely because it is like all the other Gopher Prairies. And in being grasped with such cruel fresh firmness as Mr. Lewis's the whole nation may be felt to squirm.

The method is H. G. Wells's. To Gopher Prairie—the one that is part of the author's own being, the one he grew up with and the one to which he has brought his biting observation—Mr. Lewis has applied not merely the imagination of the artist, but the ravenous curiosity of the political animal. And to that ravenous curiosity, like his master Wells, Mr. Lewis has sacrificed much of the mood of art. To put in evidence his full theory of this nation of villagers Mr. Lewis has been ready all through his book to represent his men and women as actually saying those things about themselves and their socio-political situation which, perhaps, they ought to say, but don't. He has, indeed, a briskness and naturalness of discourse which almost induces one to believe that Gopher Prairie can be articulate. But the articulateness is Mr. Lewis's. He has a stinging perceptiveness of practically everything that pertains to the jays and super-jays of this United States. He knows the Busy Booster. He knows the "gentleman hen" who loves art. He knows the hearty people whose sympathies are warm, but stationary. He knows the self-effacing couple who are worth several millions and who take themselves and their Gopher atmosphere to Pasadena—the last way-station en route to those new, decorous, expensive cemeteries which cater only to hearse-automobiles. Mr. Lewis possesses the 'orrible details about the town's bad boy, the town's diabolic gossip, the wife of repressed sex instinct who is like the moist plant that envelops flies. He understands and exposes the ghastly boredom diffused by the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Methodists and all the other gentry who have a vested interest in the conformity of nonconformity and the dissidence of dissent. Mr. Lewis pinions these professional Christians. He also pinions the cut-up, the bright reforming librarian, the person who does a stunt at the party, the person who makes the "servant problem" and later discovers it. But while he is much too mobile to accept the matter as settled, when he exposes boredom or triteness or inflexibility, he does—like H. G. Wells, or, to be fair all round, Wells does, like Sinclair Lewis—push the classificatory tendency so far that the whole fascinating circumstance of personality is subordinated.

It is subordinated even in Will Kennicott, the doctor, and Carol Kennicott, the doctor's wife. At times Will Kennicott is very real—sound, generous, reliable, wholesome, facetious, executive, crude and the rest. He does all the things that ought to make him real. He amputates in a farm-house at night, Carol giving the ether. He goes hunting, in all the sports-goods that are needed to bring about the death of two or three rabbits. He talks about cars and other tangible objects in a bright stream of slang that shines like the coffee-urn in an American restaurant—and pours forth the same staleness. Mr. Lewis apprehends every necessary convincing detail. And yet, captious though it may sound, this rich chunkiness of detail does not establish the insideness of Kennicott, or give us that entente with him which is the triumph of imagination. Toward the end, when Kennicott comes to see his wife in Washington and dimly perceives that there is in the world such a thing as another personality, we have a glimpse of his being. But this is a small macaroon to satisfy the reader's long hunger.

The woman of the story (for this is The Story of Carol Kennicott) is placed more gently and tenderly, but not in any degree more securely. She is a super-jay who reacts against Gopher Prairie as a person coming in out of the fresh air reacts against stale travelers in a day-coach. This Mr. Lewis depicts admirably. But her repeated efforts to maintain a full personality against the tribal fear of personality Mr. Lewis fails to encircle because he gives these efforts a sort of sociological twist. Her stabs at the new library, the new theatre, a friendship with the pale-gray lawyer, or the Greek-faced tailor's assistant, her attempts to take an interest in Kennicott's work—these could not be more vivid, but they would gain depth of intelligibility if Mr. Lewis himself had more interest in the specific "otherness" of this undeveloped, striving person.

The same exterior vision is seen in the get-it-over-the-footlights emphasis on the stage Swedes who come in and out. And even the conscientious imagism of the nature-descriptions is not the same as feeling.

But Main Street is pioneer work. Some formulae it does help to perpetuate. Some garishness and crudity it does unpleasantly employ in its anxiety to be effective and pat. But while the novelistic hen does not necessarily lay better if surrounded by strong artificial light, the light in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Main Street is on the whole natural, honest and oh so amazingly illuminating. No one who reads Main Street can remain a stranger to Gopher Prairie. There are things about Swedes and the Kennicotts that perhaps Sinclair Lewis is not interested in knowing or cannot ever know. He, like the rest of his country, is touched with utilitarianism, wants his analysis to answer "do" rather than "be." But even if he pelts himself at taste and hits it too hard occasionally, his novel is immeasurably better, better-experienced and seasoned and lived and thought and felt, than most of the American novels. Out of his "land of dairy herds and exquisite lakes, of new automobiles and tar-paper shanties and silos like red towers, of clumsy speech and a hope that is boundless," he has created a reality. And while he is much too tender to it, in the end, he has given American herd-life something of which it had seemed scarcely capable—a literary domicile.

F. H.

A Peacemaker's Apologia

The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty, by Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE chief purpose that inspired Mr. Baruch to undertake the compilation of this book appears to have been to absolve the American economic representatives of the charge of neglect of American interests, and also of any charge brought by "present day critics" that they were duped into accepting the objectionable provisions of the economic settlement. So far as the first charge is concerned, it may be said without qualification that the position of the American economic representatives is triumphantly vindicated by Mr. Baruch. They saw to it that we got the ships we had seized, that in such matters as patents we retained the benefits to be derived from confiscating German rights while having the rights of American patentees in Germany restored. They saw to it that we gained the right to retain German property seized in this country, and incurred no liability to turn over to the Allies any excess above the sums required to settle claims against Germany. We broke up the Allied plan of continuing the rationing of foodstuffs, materials and transportation, as inimical to our commercial interests. Our economic representatives looked after our selfish national interests quite faithfully.

That is to their credit. What is immensely more to their credit is that in all the negotiations leading to the settlement, they were on the side of honor and common sense. Honor required a scrupulous observance of the prearmistice agreement as to the items for which reparations were to be made. Common sense required a limitation of the amount of reparations to what the vanquished could be expected to pay without being reduced to a condition of peonage. The armistice terms, as stated by the Allies themselves, were "that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany, by land, by sea, and from the air." A strict interpretation of this clause would have imposed upon Germany an indemnity falling somewhere between ten and fifteen billions—which happened, also to be about the outside limit of what Germany could carry and still reorganize her economic system upon the characteristic lines of free private enterprise.

To their surprise, the American representatives found that the representatives of the other Powers had no inclination to take seriously their own definition of reparation claims, but proposed to load all costs of the war upon Germany, so far as might be practicable. That proposal was resolutely resisted by the Americans, who appealed to President Wilson and received from him instructions that they should dissent, and dissent publicly if necessary, from a procedure which "is clearly inconsistent with what we deliberately led the enemy to expect and cannot now honorably alter simply because we have the power." The Allied representatives were, therefore, forced to abandon the policy of frankly repudiating the armistice terms. But could the terms not be evaded by some hocus pocus plausible enough to calm the conscience of the Americans? "Damage done to the civilian population"—could not that be stretched? It was stretched, to cover pensions and separation allowances. The American economic representatives seem to have shied at the subterfuge at first. But they "were frankly hesitant" about maintaining their "original strict and possibly legalistic construction of the prearmistice declaration." Apparently they were not called on to make up their minds, because the broad, not possibly legalistic construction was put over on the Big Four by a remarkable piece of casuistry submitted, to the lasting regret of all liberals, by General Smuts.

The nominal effect of the inclusion of the capital value of pensions and separation allowances was to double the indemnity for which Germany was liable. But it was as plain to the American representatives as it has been to the later critics of the Treaty that, while Germany might by prodigious effort pay the ten to fifteen billions to which she was obligated by a strict interpretation of the armistice terms, she could not pay the inflated sum produced by the Smuts interpretation. That interpretation, then, did not increase the amount of money actually to be got out of Germany, but it did affect the distribution of it among the Allies. England and the British colonies would get more, France less. According to Baruch this effect was pointed out to the French representatives, who appear to have been unable to master the arithmetic involved.

But a more serious consequence of the Smuts interpretation was that fixing the sum of the indemnity therewith became an impossibility. The American representatives did their best to get the indemnity fixed at a practicable figure. But they could argue only on grounds of expediency, having surrendered, or as Mr. Baruch makes it appear, having been converted, on the matter of principle. Their memorandum on the subject is worth quoting. "The present reparation plan is, in our opinion, open to the serious objection that it may, in practice, operate to destroy economic incentive on the part of the present generation in Germany. Germany is set a task without end, and the more she labors the more will be taken from her . . . We therefore strongly recommend that the opportunity offered by Germany's counter proposal be taken advantage of to fix a definite obligation which Germany will assume in a manner at least semi-voluntary. The German people can then be left free from the continuing interference of the Reparation Commission to work out their own problem in their own way."

It is clear, then, that the American representatives were fully alive to the defects of a reparations settlement that left the amount of the indemnity excessive and unsettled. The unofficial critics of this part of the settlement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have added very few points to those made at Versailles. The intellectual competence and the diplomatic impotence of our representatives appear thus to be fully established.

But Mr. Baruch, having been flouted by the Allied majority, is good sport enough to make the best of a bad bargain. The settlement was bad, he admits, but the best that was to be expected in the circumstances. War feeling still ran high, and the governments of England and France had for political reasons made promises of indemnity sums that were impossible of fulfillment. It was not reasonable to expect those governments to confess the absurdity and bad faith of their electioneering pledges. They would have gone down, and still more irreconcilable governments would have taken their place. And after all, the Reparations Commission possessed considerable powers of discretion. It was not required to exact from Germany at any one time more than she could pay and still live. Mr. Baruch is "confident that in the Reparations Commission there was created a flexible instrument qualified to help effectuate a just and proper peace, if that desire and purpose be really present." And with characteristic American optimism, Mr. Baruch assumes that the desire for justice, admittedly not dominant in the conference which created the Commission, will dominate the Commission itself.

In his discussion of the economic clauses Mr. Baruch seeks to refute the argument, which we do not recall, but which may have been advanced, that those clauses are impossible of fulfillment. There is nothing impossible in subjecting a nation and its nationals to all manner of disqualifications and handicaps. There is nothing impossible about reducing a nation to a state of hopeless poverty and disorder. What is really impossible is to extract huge indemnity payments out of a country whose economic life is subjected to all manner of discriminatory regulations as much designed to prevent economic recovery as to take whatever gain may accrue from economic recovery. It is a peculiar naiveté one did not expect to find in Mr. Baruch that seeks to defend the economic clauses without coordinating them with the reparations burden and the losses in productive power entailed by the territorial clauses of the Treaty.

It is an equally peculiar naiveté that assumes that the execution of the Treaty will be directed by the rational purpose of reestablishing the normal economic life of Europe. Business nations like England and America may desire to remove the disabilities of the vanquished in the interest of the common economic life, but the business nations have to win the adherence to such a policy of other nations, like France, that are not greatly dependent on the common economic life, and would sacrifice anything to keep Germany down indefinitely. In so far as France is accepting the more moderate policies of England, it is notoriously not to the credit of that "flexible instrument," the Reparations Commission, but to the credit of diplomatic pressure of an altogether different character.

However the reparation and economic clauses were made, not even Mr. Baruch pronounces the work good. It might possibly have been worse, if the Americans had not been there. But it does not follow that this best possible bargain of our representatives was good enough for the American people to underwrite. One can hardly read through Mr. Baruch's account of the settlement without a sense of gratitude to fate that America is not yet committed to the enforcement of these clauses, or ever very likely to be committed to them without reservation.

ALVIN JOHNSON

Margaret Fuller

Margaret Fuller, A Psychological Biography, by Katharine Anthony. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

EVER since I can remember I have always enjoyed almost any page written to the elemental tune of "what did she do next?" While masterpieces of composition too various to indicate proceed to the beat of this familiar air, from "Moll Flanders" to Sir E. T. Cooke's "Florence Nightingale," yet, on the whole, woman as a dynamo is rather far to seek as a literary subject.

Perhaps the short-comings of Anglo-Saxon education which Henry Adams suggests in his comment on The Dynamo and the Virgin and in Mont Saint Michel and Chartres, may be responsible. Whatever the cause, the free-masonry of books of adventure for girls has never been developed among us in the same pleasurable manner as the free-masonry of books of adventure for boys. However young you may have been when you first read Robinson Crusoe, yet you had looked at the foot-print on the sand, before. But until you read about her you had never embarked on the transport with Moll Flanders and her fellow-prisoners for coasts unknown.

So that on a rainy fall evening, when I opened the small, blue volume, entitled Margaret Fuller, A Psychological Biography, which a friend had sent to me, and with the first page, stepped into the open road of a book of adventure for girls, I felt very grateful to my friend and to fortune.

> "I remembered how, a little child, I had stopped myself one day on the stairs, and asked How came I here? How is it that I seem to be this Margaret Fuller? What does it mean? What shall I do about it? — She had a consuming wish to know and understand the world."

The immediate part of the world Margaret was destined to know and understand was her father's household of small means and liberal politics behind the "lavender window-panes of Boston"—a childhood of over-stimulated, precocious scholarship, and her father's concentrated passion for her—

> "This early and natural affection was forced by the circumstances of her home-life into a premature strength and intensity. Her childish love was the main-spring of her whole career. It stamped her with an unforgettable longing."

At fifteen, the excitable little girl writes in her diary:

> "I have learned to believe that nothing, no! not perfection is unattainable. I am determined on distinction, which formerly I thought to win at an easy rate; but now I see that long years of labor must be given to secure even the "succès de societé"—which, however, shall never content me."

At sixteen we see her in a pink silk dress, presenting the "appearance of a buxom young woman of eighteen" at a party her father gave for John Quincy Adams. Her father's companionship, her mother's self-effacement made her early mature and apparently 'forward'—"At nineteen," she says of herself "the most intolerable girl that ever took a seat in a drawing-room."

Colonel Higginson says she "danced herself through college with the class of twenty-nine": But Miss Anthony tells us that the class of twenty-nine found her too dashing and aggressive; and that Margaret believed the young men of her own day had passed her by. Perhaps one who at fifteen had decided that perfection was not unattainable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACK OF THE HARPER NAME—103 YEARS OF PUBLISHING GOOD BOOKS

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Ask yourself if, in all the range of things that you may give, there is anything that may be so gracious, or half so much the coin of one's intention, as a book? These are chosen from among the new books of America's oldest publishers. Your bookseller has them—or if no bookseller is near you, you may order direct.

FICTION

THE VACATION OF THE KELWYNS
By William Dean Howells

"A power, elemental, penetratingly ardent, luminously sincere, that shames every shabby trick and consigns the tom-toms of art to a pitiful place."—*Alexander Black in the N. Y. Times.* $2.00

AN OLD CHESTER SECRET
By Margaret Deland

This story of the growth of a mother's love for the child she had disowned is as dramatic and apealing as any Mrs. Deland has ever written. $1.50

MOMMA: AND OTHER UNIMPORTANT PEOPLE
By Rupert Hughes

This collection runs the gamut of emotional studies from powerful realism to pure comedy. Each story is an accurate and scintillant commentary on some aspect of our national life. $2.00

THE FOOLISH MATRONS
By Don Byrne

is a story of how four women work out the problems of mariage. "Mr. Byrne has high convictions about marriage and his novel embodies them with fire and absorbing drama."—*N. Y. Times.* $1.90

THE BEAUTY AND THE BOLSHEVIST
By Alice Duer Miller

Mrs. Miller's subtle irony and delightful humor have never shown to better advantage than in this new novel. She never stops at surface portrayals of people or ideas. $1.50

THE GREAT DESIRE
By Alexander Black

is universally praised as one of the great American novels of our generation. Thirteen months after publication it is still among the best sellers. $1.90

CALIBAN
By W. L. George

The critics: *The Nation*: "Burning candor . . . magnificently alive." *Philadelphia North American*: "A brilliant revelation." *H. L. Mencken*: "Brilliantly conceived, splendidly painted. The best novel that George has ever done." $2.00

TURKEY BOWMAN
By Homer Croy

"A ripping good yarn. 'Turkey' is a human boy, 'with the bark on,' with the lovable and terrifying antic movements of untamed youth."—*New York Evening Post.* $1.75

YOUTH CHALLENGES
By Clarence Budington Kelland

Against a realistic picture of great industry, Mr. Kelland projects a dramatic story of youth's revolt: of Bonbridge Foote, VII, heir to millions, who sacrifices everything to love. $1.75

NON FICTION

BERNARD M. BARUCH'S BOOK ON THE PEACE

This book, The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty, is the first account to be written by a high official of the Supreme Economic Council. $3.00

IN BERKSHIRE FIELDS
By Walter Prichard Eaton

Pictures by Walter King Stone

Sensitive prose and sympathetic illustrations tell a story of rambling through the Berkshires so vividly that the reader feels himself tramping with author and artist. *Illustrated.* $3.00

SECRET SPRINGS
By Harvey O'Higgins

What is your complex? Freud de-sexed and humanized—psychoanalysis reduced to its simplest terms, is the basis of this new book of vital self-help. $2.00

BALLADS OF OLD NEW YORK
By Arthur Guiterman

Many an old legend is shown in the making, and many amusing pictures of the life of the early settlers. Illustrations by J. Scott Williams. $1.75

PEOPLE OF DESTINY
By Sir Philip Gibbs

Sir Philip Gibbs tells why, after spending months in America, he thinks we are the modern "People of Destiny" marked to carry out the high designs of fate. $2.00

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD
By Sir Philip Gibbs

"Great literature and history. It will make Philip Gibbs many powerful enemies, but it will place him among the immortals."—*Cecil Roberts, in the New York Times. Illustrated.* $3.00

VILLIERS: HIS FIVE DECADES OF ADVENTURE
By Frederic Villiers

This great English war corresondent, artist, and soldier of fortune has sailed the seven seas and tramped the five continents. Two Vols. *Illustrated.* $6.00

A SHORT LIFE OF MARK TWAIN
By Albert Bigelow Paine

A life of America's foremost philosopher and humorist in a condensed and handy form. It is throughout as perfectly balanced a story as the big biography—merely shorter. *Illustrated.* $2.50

MEMOIRS OF LIFE AND LITERATURE
By W. H. Mallock

Here is one of those rare, delightful volumes of sublime tittle-tattle—a book by a man who knew intimately the great people of his generation. $2.50

MINSTREL WEATHER
By Marion Storm

Colorful, imaginative essays, running from Faces of Janus to The Christmas Woods, which form a delightful calendar of the seasons. $1.50

AN AMERICAN'S LONDON
By Louis Closser Hale

An account of London in transition. In these pages you see through the eyes of the keen, sympathetic American the new London growing out of the old. $2.00

WOOD-FOLK COMEDIES
By William J. Long

The humorous side of animal existence is the key note of this new book by the author of "How Animals Talk." Illustrated in color by Charles Livingston Bull. $3.00

JUVENILES

TOM SAWYER
By Mark Twain

A new edition of the greatest of all boys' stories, with illustrations by Worth Brehm and jacket, cover insert and frontispiece in full colors. *Illustrated.* $2.50

CATTY ATKINS
By Clarence Budington Kelland

This first of a new series of books for boys by the author of "Mark Tidd" is a fine story of social and business struggles and boy life. $1.60

TOBY TYLER
By James Otis

Toby—the runaway—discovered that a little glitter and romance covered a surprising amount of reality; but in following the circus he met real adventures and all kinds of strange peope. *Illustrated.* $1.60

LABOULAYE'S FAIRY BOOK
Introduction by Kate Douglas Wiggin

This famous collection of fairy stories is illustrated with pictures in full color by Edward G. McCandlish that add just the right touch. *Illustrated.* $2.50

BOYS' LIFE OF LAFAYETTE
By Helen Nicolay

Miss Nicolay has not been content to tell over again the old, legendary Lafayette story—the real story of the great Frenchman is so much more interesting. *Illustrated.* $1.60

BUBBLE BOOKS
By Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

The Christmas gift for children. Each Bubble Book contains a Fairy Story, beautifully illustrated, Mother Goose Verses and Rhymes, and three real phonograph records. *Illustrated by Rhoda Chase.* $1.50 *each*

Est. 1817 **HARPER & BROTHERS** *New York*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could never have been a succès de societé in a milieu antedating the scene of "Ferdinand and Elvira," but probably not unlike that of

> At a pleasant evening-party I had taken down to supper
> One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of Love and Tupper—
> Mr. Tupper and the poets, very lightly with them dealing
> For I've always been distinguished for a strong poetic feeling.

By the time that his eldest daughter was twenty-five, Mr. Timothy Fuller's liberal opinions had so damaged his worldly fortune, that the family left the Boston of evening parties and lavender window-panes for the isolation of a gloomy farm. She sewed. She nursed. She taught her younger brothers. She has words to say about the frustrations of women dependent, lonely and poor among her neighbors of the period that show her as a penetrating critic of the actualities of life. When her father dies, and she sells the farm for her family's benefit, you are not surprised that she returns to the world, at once as a critic, and as a spokeswoman for women.

She had formed from early girlhood numerous passionate attachments for older and younger women. She writes:

> "It is so true, that a woman may be in love with a woman, and a man with a man. It is pleasant to be sure of it, because it is undoubtedly the same love that we shall feel when we are angels—unprofaned by any mixture of lower instincts, undisturbed by any need of consulting temporal interests; its law is the desire of the spirit to realize a whole which makes it seek in another being that which it finds not in itself. Thus the beautiful seek the strong; the mute seek the eloquent; the butterfly settles on the dark flower."

What a wealth of suppressed life in this girl's mind and heart. You suffer for her. You sympathize with her. You laugh with her generous errors, and rejoice in the bright imagination of Miss Anthony's kindness and love for her. The book is like some fine-grained granite rock of solid psychological and historical scholarship, all sun-flicked with glinting humor and warm-hearted common sense.

Perhaps the most entertaining passages of a narrative which is lively throughout are in the chapters presenting Margaret as the first American feminist and woman of letters. The graphic quality of a penetrating, fictive chronicle characterizes the tale of her famous conversations in Boston; the tale of her days in New York as a Tribune writer for the redoubtable and perverse Horace Greeley; the tale of her English and her European sojourn as a foreign correspondent; her Italian history as a confidante and supporter of Mazzini; her meeting and union with Count d'Ossoli in Rome; her motherhood; her fatal return, and the final catastrophe of the wreck of the Elizabeth off Fire Island.

Hawthorne, Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, Horace Greeley, Emerson, Mazzini, George Sand, Princess Belgiojoso, William Story, George Henry Lewes—all these and others enact a peopled scene alive with change and revolution not only in outer event, but in the minds of women and men.

Margaret Fuller could not only move forward as a pioneer along the frontier of the world's thought. She could not only understand as a critic—not only be a dreamer, dreaming greatly. She could love. She could live the haunting music of the magic isle, the fountain and the shrine all wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers. Many are the vanished avatars of human realizations of woman's instinct, other than those avatars of the ex-foliation of rose window, and black-traceried apse, the golden lilies on the dark-blue ground, the mediaeval storied songs and liberating worships Henry Adams has freshly attributed to her power. Many are the creative energies and adventures of women that are forgotten in dull poverties of understanding. Here is a story of the adventure of a woman's life-time which has been drawn from beneath a wreck long-lost on the shoals of convention, and brought back to us as a fascinating trophy of the sea-changes wrought by new wisdoms of psychology, a story splendidly salvaged by deft scholarship and responsible candor. Nothing of it that doth fade. The pathos, the brilliancy, the ludicrous aspects, the thrilling gifts to the world of a woman of genius all sparkle in the reality of the portrait: and when you close the book, you have the sense of having been in the presence of a great woman, of a spirit of beautiful and enriching truth.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

The Children of Odin

The Children of Odin, by Padraic Colum. Illustrations by Willy Pogany. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"ALL this she cried with eyes open wide; they were eyes that had in them all the blue that Sigurd had ever seen: the blue of flowers, the blue of skies, the blue of battle blades. She turned those great eyes upon him and she said, 'I am Brynhild.'"

That is the way Padraic Colum writes for children, in this exquisite book of old Norse myths. As the reader turns page after page, catching the gleam of jewels through Padraic Colum's magical style, he is gripped with envy of the youngest generation. Why did they not write like that for us, when we were children? Had we no right to beauty?

The material was there. Thor and Odin, Freya and lovely Iduna of the golden apples, the Valkyries, valiant Sigurd and beautiful Brynhild; the malicious dwarfs, the grim giants, and the dragons of venomous blood. But it was given to us as Lessons in Mythology, or as pedantic tales to the formula: An adult stands for one, a child for five-twelfths of one, in the calorics of appreciation. Padraic Colum works on an altogether different formula. It is a class conscious formula: An adult, finished off to the requirements of the market place stands for nothing; a child or a poet—which is tautology—stands for infinity. And if you imagine that Padraic Colum has not succeeded with his formula, just watch a child's eyes as they flash up from the pages of The Children of Odin.

A. J.

Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD is Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research and author of Contemporary American History, Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy, and American City Government.

PADRAIC COLUM is the Irish poet, author and reviewer. Among his books are Wild Earth and Mogu the Wanderer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED